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## BRIEF MENTION.

Some years ago a certain American Karion—πιστότατος (✓ ΠΙ) καὶ κλεπτίστατος—made a raid on my library and converted some of my 'Pegaseium nectar' into κρήβινος οἶνος. Among the books thus lost was my copy of SHOREY's *Horace*, my favorite among all the editions of the Odes, an edition of which Professor Postgate has well said (C. R. XV 230), 'Dr. SHOREY's book cannot fail to stimulate in its every reader a fuller, a deeper and a more vivid appreciation of the poetry of Horace'. 'If I were limited', he adds, 'to three editions of the Odes, this would be one'. Of course the book was not out of print and could in a sense be replaced, but my marginalia are gone and I have not the same ready means of comparing the first edition with the second, which has just appeared (Boston, Benj. H. Sanborn). The bulk is very slightly increased, 512 pp. against 487. The notes have been revised chiefly by the associate editor of the new edition (Professor GORDON J. LAING) with a view to increasing the usefulness of the book in the classroom. A few of the 'more remote and cumulative parallel passages' have been omitted and these omissions—few though they be—will serve to keep the old edition side by side with the new in the scholar's library. For it is these parallel passages that lend a peculiar charm and a peculiar value to SHOREY's *Horace*. It is easy enough by the aid of what old Burton calls 'polyanthean helps' to multiply illustrations from a variety of literatures and languages and I have sometimes been tempted to expose the machinery of certain pretentious editions, in which the appositeness of the citations is by no means in keeping with their number. It has been my fortune to prepare sundry editions myself and I have had to face the question of parallel passages. In my Persius and in my Justin Martyr I studied the congeneric literature of my authors and have thus been enabled to add something to the stores of my predecessors. In my Pindar, however, I subjected myself to a self-denying ordinance, not because I was disgusted with the farrago of Tafel's Dilucidationes Pindaricæ, but because Pindar is an author that can best be understood by his own light. For illumination rather than illustration, Πίνδαρον ἐκ Πινδαρου σαφηνίζειν, to adapt the principle of Aristarchos, is the only safe way. Those who have imitated Pindar have usually misunderstood him and nothing has been more misleading than Horace's own characteristic of the poet. But with Horace the case is very different. Horace is the gainer by the sincere flattery of imitation and it is a sheer delight to breathe the atmosphere with

which Professor SHOREY has invested his author. For once one may forgive the banishment of the notes to the back of the book, for one needs the text less than in any classical author. Almost every line is a household word. There are jewels enough in Vergil that have not been appropriated by the moderns. There is not one in Horace that has not been imitated or reset. Whatever political meaning has been read into Horace by recent students of the poet such as Dr. Verrall (*A. J. P.* VI 497), such as Mr. Garnsey, who rebel against the victory of form over content and find the glorification of the commonplace a poor business, for the world at large it is the felicity of expression that has made Horace what he is and ever will be; and that felicity has been won through an incessant struggle with his Greek originals, so that it is fitting that a Grecian like Professor SHOREY should be the interpreter of Horace. Every new find, be it Archilochos, be it Bakchylides, brings to light some new source of Horace's inspiration; and if Greek studies are to decline, the Hellenist can comfort himself by the thought that the honey of the Matinian bee was gathered from the flowers of Greek poetry. How true his 'operosa carmina fingo' is, Professor SHOREY has shown in his admirable Introduction. In view of Cicero's unconscionable brag about the wealth of the Latin language, it is pitiful to read how many debts one poor Latin word must pay, and yet despite that poverty Horace's 'curiosa felicitas' displays itself even here (*A. J. P.* XXXI 360). Nay, the very meagreness of his vocabulary leads to triumphs of ingenuity that one does not hesitate to call triumphs of genius. No merciless analysis of the processes by which Horace achieves his results—and Professor SHOREY is almost merciless at times—avails to break the charm he has for those who read him and learned him by heart in their youth. The poet in three-fourths of us is dead (*A. J. P.* VI 523), we are told, but the memory of the enjoyment we had in Horace during the days when we too were poets is not dead, and to the man that survives Horace seems to be brought nearer by the lapse of years. And yet there are strange reactions and in an access of disillusionment one is tempted to vilipend the Venusian. Copies of verses are his poems, not songs, and ashes of roses not roses and orris root instead of violets, cubes of loaf-sugar, not honey of Hymettus. His sweethearts are sequences of Greek syllables, trochaic Pyrrhas, iambic Chloes, dactylic Lydias, spondaic Lydes, anapaestic Lalages, choriambic Asteries and Leuconoes, the whole baggage of them not worth one Rose Aylmer (*A. J. P.* XVIII 122). The dactyls have no fingers to grip the heartstrings withal, the spondees pour out no wine of life, the anapaestic girl does not march nor the choriambic maid whirl. One rebels against the Philistine moralizing. One resents the climax that leads up to the divine Augustus (*Pind. O.* 2, 2). One refuses to wax enthusiastic over the performances of the Neros. Tyrrell is right as to the poet and Swinburne is right

as to the man. Why this change of mood? Is it a lover's quarrel that only means love's renewal? 'Sic de ambitione quomodo de amica queruntur', says Seneca. There is jealousy at the bottom of the 'criminosi iambi', for he who loves Horace needs all his magnanimity when he finds that another understands the poet better than he does, and how many will have to say that of Professor SHOREY.

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Dr. CARL NEWELL JACKSON's paper in the Twentieth Volume of *Harvard Studies in Classical Philology* has set me to reading *Browning's Aristophanes' Apology* again. Of course, when the poem first appeared I attacked it with the professional interest of a student of Aristophanes, so that even before reading Dr. JACKSON's diligent paper, I was prepared to admit the truth of what he has said of Browning's intimate knowledge of the plays of Aristophanes and Euripides and of his immediate acquaintance with the subsidiary literature such as the scholia and the ancient lives of the Greek dramatic poets. And a like knowledge is postulated of anyone who will read Aristophanes' Apology with full intelligence now. In all real poetry the surface meaning is always worth while; and though the enjoyment is indefinitely enhanced by the knowledge of the background, the basis, the circumstances, much can be got out of such poetry as Pindar's, rooted as it is in actuality that we can never reach, much out of satire that is supposed to be nothing if not personal, so that the scholiast only tells one what can be gathered from the context. In the speech of Strattis we read:

Suddenly who but Aristophanes  
Prompt to the rescue puts forth solemn hand,  
Singles us out the tragic tree's best branch  
Persuades it downward and at tip appends  
For votive vision, Faun's goat-grinning face,  
Back it flies evermore with jest a-top  
And we recover the true mood and laugh.

In passages like this the enjoyment, such as it is, needs for its completeness an acquaintance with the original. But even one who does not know the famous description of the end of Pentheus in the *Bacchae* will understand the comparison after a fashion, and the same thing is true of the translations, semi-translations and adaptations in which the Apology abounds. But point after point, false point and real, will be hopelessly lost to all but the Greek scholar. Even the Greek scholar need not take shame to himself for not remembering 'Mullus' or recalling 'Eruxis' whom Browning has dubb'd 'dogfaced', and who but a student of Aristophanes could recognize in 'camel-rest' the comic poet's *πρωκτὸς καμήλου*? The poem is a manner of Aristophanic quiz, and the lover of Aristophanes might be tempted to supplement

Dr. JACKSON's labors. Indeed, I plead guilty to having numbered the lines of the Apology with some such purpose in view. Of course one exposes himself to the mortification of being foiled by Browning's blunders as well as by his erudition. Only one has the consolation that Browning himself after a time could not have furnished the key to his own puzzles. But I soon desisted for the thirty years old impression abode and I came back to my first conclusion. The gain is for the student of Browning, not for the student of Aristophanes.

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Dr. JACKSON says that he leaves to others the ungracious task of pointing out Browning's 'lapses from the habits of accurate scholarship and meticulous attention to details that are usually so noticeable in the poem'. But even Dr. JACKSON does not follow Browning in his Boeotian transliteration of *v* by *u*; and the frequent false quantities must have been a torture to a man trained in the fastidious Harvard school. Schoolmasterly criticism, if you will, but these little things are a perpetual annoyance, and are actually more offensive than the lapse as to the sex of St. Praxed, which smudges one of the poet's most famous pieces. But quite apart from blunders, little and big, Browning's learning does not help us to a vision of the times with which he deals. Perikleian Athens, Renaissance, Late Seventeenth Century Life—it is all Browning. The poet himself is alive, but the coating with which he emerges from the vat in which he has soaked himself is not alive nor are the spangles that have stuck to his skin from the texts that he has thrown into his bath. Nothing to my feeling is more un-Greek than Aristophanes' Apology. The stereotypical method carried out afterwards with unmerciful prolixity in the Ring and the Book becomes wearisome by the repetition that it involves and there is no saving sense of dramatic propriety.

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But the word 'propriety' prompts me to say a word or two about the strongest impression that remains with me after rereading the poem and that is its indecency. True, Browning does not often indulge in such words as 'chaunoprockt' and 'immortally immerded', and the indecencies are veiled to the eyes of those who do not know Greek, but there is nothing more obscene than an obscene conundrum, and erotic and skatologic riddles play an important part in that region of folklore. The charge may seem strange in view of Aristophanes' own license, and I have not been at the pains to count the naughty winks in the Apology and the wicked leers in Aristophanes himself. My statistics stop at syntax. But what Browning calls with undeni-

able elegance 'the homelier symbol of asserted sense' has an irresistible fascination for him, as for the scholiasts, who see *doubles ententes* everywhere, to the disgust of certain interpreters of Aristophanes. This is not the place to discuss how far they were justifiable in their assumption. I have just emerged from reading *Kuba-Kybele* by EISLER in *Philologus*, 1909, and the dictionary seems to be a welter of indecencies. It is a comfort to learn that I was right in admitting the ellipsis *πηγῆς* in Herondas, I 25 (A. J. P. XXV 229), but I have added to my vocabulary a number of words that I can never think of without blushing. *πεδῖον*, however, is not a new acquisition. *ψωλοὶ πεδίωνδε* is a favorite with Browning and in one place he renders it 'A-field, ye cribb'd of cape' with full knowledge of the meaning. Whether he understood *κύνα δέρειν δεδαρμένην* doth not yet appear. But why he should have allowed Balaustion, wife of 'Euthukles', to quote 'the unintelligible Komos-cry', 'Raw flesh red, no cap upon its head', passes my understanding as a problem of dramatic propriety or any other propriety. 'A Rhodian wife and still so ignorant!' *γελῶσιν, ὥς ὄρας, τὰ παιδία*, quoth Eupolis. Those who are curious in such matters will find material enough in Dr. JACKSON'S paper.

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But before leaving Browning and Dr. JACKSON, the word 'chaunoprockt', with its intrusive *c*, reminds me of the grosser name that liberal shepherds in England give the medlar. There is no better translation of *χαυνόπρωκτος*, and I venture to add another example to those cited in the Oxford Dictionary. In Chapman Bussy D'Ambois 3, 2, 256 we read:

CHARLOTTE. We are no windfalls, my lord; ye must gather us with the ladder of matrimony, we'll hang till we be rotten.

MONSIEUR. Indeed that is the way to make ye right *openarses*.

To be sure, I have never heard the word in America, nor even the full form of the old saying 'Kettle calls Pot black'. We are too mealy-mouthed for close translations of *μελάμπυγος* and *καλλίπυγος*, and even the French prefer 'impasse' to 'cul-de-sac'. By the way, in the same piece Chapman translates Pindar's *σκιᾶς ὄναρ ἀνθρώπου* twice, once 1, 1, 18: Man is a dreame but of a shadow, and again we have 5, 4, 87: a dreame but of a shade. Indeed, the whole play is full of classical allusions, most of which the latest editor, Professor BOAS, in the D. C. Heath Co.'s attractive *Belles-Lettres Series* has not seen fit to point out. Old Chapman knew his Greek better than Browning did and would not have been guilty of saying: Lo! that Euripidean laurel-tree, Struck to the heart by lightning. 'The stony birth of clouds', says Chapman, 'will touch no lawrell' (5, 1, 17). (Cf. A. J. P.

XXXI 295.) Nor has Professor BOAS pointed out the source of one of Lowell's most famous similes (Bussy D'Ambois 4, 1, 49):

Like a calme,  
Before a tempest when the silent ayre  
Layes her soft eare close to the earth to hearken,  
For that she feares steals on to ravish her.

Surely the passage must have lingered in Lowell's brain when he wrote:

Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,  
And over it softly her warm ear lays.

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VAN LEEUWEN's *Prolegomena ad Aristophanem*, now two years old, did not appear in time for utilization in my Aristophanic course, which was closed in 1907, so that I have only just now been moved to take it up for closer study. That part of the book which deals with the life and works of the poet is not only by far the longest but by far the most interesting and wins my sympathy by its departure from the conventional treatment which one expects in what is professedly a work of erudition. It does not bristle with references to the literature of the subject. It has no *chevaux de frise* of prooftexts, and the style is that of a Latin feuilletoniste—clear, sparkling, defiant. I dare not comment it too highly for I remember that some years ago a Dutch Latinist published in the *Mnemosyne* a letter purporting to come from David Ruhnken in which the Latinity of Cobet himself is humorously assailed and perhaps VAN LEEUWEN's language would fare even worse at the hands of the critics. But if there is to be a revival of Latin as a medium of international communication, we cannot insist on such mastery as is displayed by Vahlen and we must resign ourselves to a *supra grammaticam* vitality. Who even among the strictest sect would insist nowadays on curbing the future participle by the strict rules that once obtained? Who does not love to see it wave its long tail in defiance of Cicero and challenge triumphantly the Greek participle with *ἄν*? And the new rules must go the way of the old rules. Since the promulgation of the laws of the clausula some scholars whose business takes them into the sphere of academic oratory have been revising their periods with fear and trembling. No such anxious thought haunts VAN LEEUWEN and he bids the clausula go hang its own way. There is no sobriety in the style. I remember how the guides of my youth warned us against figurative language and not so long ago I was indiscreet enough to count among the advantages of Latin the impossibility of such audacities as I myself am guilty of in *Brief Mention*. 'Latin', I said (A. J. P. XXVIII 232), 'any

kind of Latin, would check the hypertrophy of psychological syntax and make the antics of *Brief Mention* next to impossible'. But VAN LEEUWEN's Latin kicks the fool's cap off any sentence that figures in the rigadon that brings up the learned procession of the AMERICAN JOURNAL OF PHILOLOGY. The treatise reads for all the world like a popular lecture and those who do not command Dutch will be glad to have VAN LEEUWEN's conception of the period and the poet in the more familiar idiom of modern Latin. His description of the Persian hydra, the Persian polypus, is as vivid as Victor Hugo's famous chapter on the *pieuvre* in *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*. The spear conquers the bow at Marathon. The barbaric wave breaks into innocuous bubbles against the wooden walls of Athens and the oar overcomes the sword at Salamis. The host of the Persians fall as fell the innumerable ears under the sickles of the reaper and we see Xerxes returning in the old Juvenalian style *nempe una nave*. But the hydra was scotched, not killed. To defeat the monster a united Greece would have been necessary. Athens aspired to put herself at the head. The caterpillar turned into the butterfly, but the great plans of Themistokles came to naught, and as Sparta could not be suppressed, there was in his eyes nothing left but to make terms with the *pieuvre*. Cimon's effort to bring about concerted action between Sparta and Athens failed. The two bulls would not pull together; and no wonder, for one of the bulls has suffered a sea-change. 'Non capiebat', says VAN LEEUWEN, 'unum iugum taurum doricum et equum marinum, non eadem erant itinera bigarum Neptuniarum atque boum pedes tarde trahentium'. The offensive warfare against Persia was a farce. 'In batrachomyomachiam verterat epos'. The Persian hydra became a stork and watched its chance to devour both combatants. These were the times to which Aristophanes was born, the time when Cimon had departed this life and Pericles reigned an uncrowned king, Aristophanes, a country lad who grew up among the fields and vineyards of his father Philippus. Aristophanes a country lad? True, this is the view of M. Maurice Croiset also, but while M. Croiset gives a reason for the faith that is in him, VAN LEEUWEN simply draws an attractive picture of the boy Aristophanes making the acquaintance of bees and beasts, of cicadae and butterflies, and of the various species of birds and creeping things, during those happy days which he afterwards recalled in the *Acharnians*. Of course, there is not a tittle of evidence that Aristophanes was brought up in the country. It was not far from Kydathenaion to the country and Father Philippus may have lived under the shadow of the Parthenon and gone out to his fields as did that unlucky husband in the First Oration of Lysias and Aristophanidion might have gone with him at times, when he was not engaged in a backgate squabble with that big blackguard Kleon. It is the cit that is enthusiastic about country sights and sounds and after



all Aristophanes' enthusiasm for nature is tinged with mockery of Euripides. (See A. J. P. XXVII 384.) But I am afraid to trust myself further in the discussion of the *Prolegomena* lest I allow myself and the present number of the Journal to be absorbed in the review of a book to which I owe much of the pleasure of the long vacation.

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After my trivial remarks in the last *Brief Mention* had gone to swell the sum of my misdeeds, I suddenly anticipated the chorus of well deserved objugation with which my criticisms of Mr. MURRAY'S *Iphigenia* would be received by those who had expended all their treasures of appreciation on the wonderful rendering. I had apologized, it is true, but my apology can hardly have sufficed. The very passage I cited has been quoted by an enthusiastic admirer as an unapproachable model and I asked myself: Why should I have disturbed any one's enjoyment by insisting that the chariot should have been more distinctly indicated? Why make so much ado about the gender of *θοαῖσιν ἵπποις*? See Jebb on Bacchyl. 3, 3. What real ground had I for saying that 'steeds do not work so well in harness'? The *φερέζυγος ἵππος* of Ibykos is a stallion and recalcitrates simply by reason of age. I was really inconsolable over my lack of taste when some merciful chance brought under my eye a paragraph from a sporting journal and somehow it comforted me for a time:

Pittsburg, Sept. 9 (1910). Red Wilkes, a famous old stallion, once the pride of the late Capt. Sam Brown, horse king, was killed yesterday afternoon, being dashed to death over a cliff 200 feet high. Circumstances surrounding the death of the old pensioner, who since the death of his master had lived in luxury on the farm of James Ward, nephew of the horse king, indicate that the once racer, disgraced by being coupled to a cart, resented it by jumping over the cliff, committing suicide.

Nor is the report from the New York Horse Show Nov. 12, 1910 inapposite:

Horsemen generally expected the famous Austrian-bred trotting stallion Willy (2.07½) to win hands down, but he proved to be a disappointment and finally got the gate in disgrace after rearing and breaking his check.

But candor compels me to add that the very next day Willy was victorious over all his competitors.

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The elusiveness of typographical errors and the persistence of blunders are two topics about which I shall doubtless make my moan until my labors have an end. How, for instance, 'Epi-grammes' in the first No. of the current volume (A. J. P. XXXI 105) could have escaped at least three pairs of watchful eyes passes my understanding, but I have fallen back on the theory

that the elongated spelling is a silent protest against the 'program' spelling which has sensibly affected the pronunciation of 'programme'. Some months ago I paid six dollars out of my own pocket—out of whose else?—for the elimination of a certain heterophony of mine, and as I paid it I ruefully thought that a similar fine for every one of my negligences and ignorances would long since have put me in the order of the *ἀνάργυροι*, the existence of which the learned Cobet once tried to do away with by an emendation (A. J. P. VII 536). Some of my slips either of the eye or pen or brain have persisted for a generation and grin at me from the margin of my hand-copies; and while not a few of the worst have been removed from the plates of my Pindar I am still confronted by 'laurelled' for 'garlanded' (p. 182, l. 5 from bottom) and *Zeús* for *Πολυδ.* (p. 200, l. 5 from bottom). P. 335, l. 7 from bottom read 'him whom a Naiad bore'. Of course all the dates of the Pythiads have to be changed (A. J. P. XXI 470 [where for 1890 read 1900] and Christ, *Gesch. G. L.*<sup>4</sup>, p. 174), but that is a *Q'ri perpetuum* due to the inevitable progress of doctrine. That others are under the same condemnation is no comfort to me. *Quisque suos patimur Manes*. Every man has his own mania and my mania is akin to Whitney's (A. J. P. XIV 138, XXIII 234). There is company enough if I wanted it, STAHL, for instance, who (p. 780, 3) repeats Kühner's blunder about *οὐχ ὅπως* in Lys. XIX 31 (A. J. P. XXII 228) and in treating *πρίν* sets down as positive (p. 467, 4) the very clauses that I shewed to be virtually negative nearly thirty years ago (A. J. P. II [1881], 468).

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My hatred of a blank space at the bottom of a page and the alone prompts me to add another illustration to those just given. Some weeks ago as I was gathering up some old marginal notes on Mr. A. C. PEARSON'S *Phoenissae* I was arrested by the appearance of WALTER HEADLAM'S posthumous *Agamemnon* (Cambridge University Press) under Mr. PEARSON'S editorship. Mr. PEARSON'S competence has been sufficiently shown by his Euripidean work and in his adoration of Mr. HEADLAM he has excellent company (A. J. P. XXX 108). But in the excess of his admiration he has every now and then copied blindly the lapses of that rare genius such as he made when like some *Zeús καταβάτης* he sifted down contempt upon what he had not taken the trouble to read (A. J. P. XXVIII 107). *μένει κοφθησομένην* (v. 1277) still abides and even if the lines of the future participle have been too closely drawn, as Mr. PEARSON urges in his *Phoenissae*, *οὐθ' ὑποκαίων οὐθ' ἐπιλείβων <τῆς Γραμματικῆς> ὀργὰς ἀρενείς παραθέλει* (A. J. P. XXVIII 111). Whether HEADLAM had the right to smuggle *ἄταν* (v. 1227) into the text of Pindar (P. 2, 82) is another matter (A. J. P. XXVIII 109; XXX 358) and the blank space is filled.